

## Don't Be Nice to Me

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## Don't Be Nice to Me

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

### Summary

Day 5: Band AU and Room Keys

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"What time is it?" George asked sleepily.

Dream stretched out to get his phone, stopping suddenly when he realized his vision was still blurry and that he currently has the worst headache of all time. He struggled, but persevered through and reached for his phone to see the time.

"Seven," Dream answered.

"Put your regret on hold then, I still want to sleep," George mumbled, snuggling closer to Dream.

Dream was panicking and he didn't doubt for a second that George could hear his heart beating, his head being on top of his chest.

"George, we slept together last night," Dream said.

"Sleeping, Dream," George said. "I'm sleeping."

"We slept together last night," Dream said.

"Trust me, I know," George groaned. "I can feel it."

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Dream's band was set to perform at a music festival. Simple enough, book a hotel, sing some songs, maybe have fun. That was until he ran into a particular ex-boyfriend at a nightclub.

Listen, it was a really, really bad breakup.

Can you really blame Dream for deciding to get drunk to forget his ex? Not really.

But can you blame him for just ending up sleeping with said ex? Yeah, kinda.

## Notes

I swear this isn't a song fic even though i quote a huge chunk of a song near towards the end. That's where the word count is coming from i swear.

This ended up way too long, hopefully it's not too drawling.

I dont think this one isn't my best works, but it's not all too bad.

hopefully yall can still enjoy it!!

also what on earth is that title i hate it ew

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Oh fuck."

Dream woke up in a hotel bed that wasn't his. Admittedly he'd gotten very, very drunk the night before and made some horrifying life choices.

That life choice was still sleeping next to him, just about as naked as he was, brown hair all messy as he proceeded to hog the covers. His head was on Dream's chest, hand placed gently on Dream's neck. He was sleeping quite peacefully like Dream hadn't just sworn out loud.

See, last night started out very, very wrong to begin with. Dream and his band had checked into a hotel and dropped their bags in their room. Dream was going to shower, but Sapnap had come into his room and forced him out to go drinking.

"Sapnap, you know I don't drink much," Dream said. "Or at all for the most part."

"Designated driver," Sapnap said.

"Sapnap, we're walking to the club," Dream said.

"Dream," Quackity whined. "Just hang out with us. It'll be fun."

"I am, I am!" Dream laughed. "I'm literally walking with you guys, am I not?"

"Are you gonna have fun with us or are you just going to-" Karl waved his hands. "Sit in the booth and just do nothing."

"I will try," Dream said. "I will try."

"That's code for he's going to sit in the booth and just stare at cute boys," Sapnap rolled his eyes.

"Maybe that's my idea of fun," Dream smirked.

"Alright if you don't want to drink, at least bring someone home," Quackity said. "Promise me you'll bring someone home."

"Q," Dream chuckled.

"You're a handsome, handsome man," Karl said. "You could take anyone home, literally anyone-"

"C'mon Karl," Dream said. "Don't be ridiculous."

"Okay wait no, this is the plan for tonight," Sapnap said. "We're gonna get hammered, we're getting Dream a boy, or girl, depending on your preference for tonight-" Dream scoffed. "And he's going to have fun. And we'll get more drinking before we call the night.."

"Sapnap, I was kidding about watching boys. Or girls," Dream said. "I'll have fun, I promise. But we do have a show tomorrow."

"Sure, sure," Karl said skeptically.

The group of 4 made their way to the closest nightclub near their hotel. They weren't particularly famous, but their band was pretty well known all around. This meant they were allowed to cut the line as the bouncer let them in.

The nightclub was much too loud for Dream's preference. There were also way too many people. Too many drunk people, too many people dancing on them, too many people approaching them.

Again, they were pretty well known.

Dream felt a bit of relief when he finally got into an empty booth. He was the first to sit down, Karl heading straight for the bar to get drinks, Q stuck on the dance floor being approached by the drunk and the naked, while Sapnap was already chatting up a girl, offering her and her friends to join his table.

Dream checked his phone. 11:03.

Great.

This is gonna take a while.

"Hey," A girl approached the table and immediately made herself comfortable by sitting in the booth. "You're cute. Wanna dance?"

"Not much of a dancer, thanks for the offer though," Dream said sheepishly.

"Really? You look like you'd be great at dancing," She flirted. "Tall and lean, probably could lift me up too."

"Probably," Dream said curtly.

"How bout a drink then? Can I get you a drink?" She asked.

"No thank you, I don't drink much," Dream answered.

"Oh I get it," She said. "You're in a relationship."

Dream simply chuckled and shook his head.

"Your friend should've clarified that before sending me over," She said.

"My friend?" Dream said.

"Yeah," She nodded. "Cute guy, says he's a drummer in a band. I'm more into blondes though."

"Ah," Dream continued to shake his head.

"Look, it's no biggie if you have a girlfriend. Should probably tell your friend that before he tries to hook you up with someone," She winced.

"I don't have a girlfriend," Dream clarified.

"Boyfriend?" She said. "I get that too, I guess if you wanna keep that a secret- It's fine, I'll say I'm the one that changed my-"

"It's not a gender thing, I'm not in a relationship," Dream told her. "And I'm not really interested in looking for a relationship, and I don't think I'd want to use someone for a one-night stand."

"Dude," The girl scoffed. "You look like that and talk like that. Use me, I think I'll be fine. I give you permission to do the most disrespectful shit to me." Dream just laughed.

"What's your name?" Dream asked.

"Abigail. Abby," She smiled. "And you are?"

"You can call me Dream," Dream introduced himself.

"Dream. Dream, Dream," She mulled it over for a bit before snapping her fingers. "Oh! Drummer-" she pointed at Sapnap. "Oh, you're from that band."

"Yes I am," Dream nodded.

"That's cool, I think I have you followed on Spotify," Abigail said.

"Well Abby," Dream said. "It's a pleasure talking to you, you are a beautiful woman, but I'm just not interested. I'm sorry."

"That is the most respectful rejection I have ever-" Abby sighed. "Well, if you're not going to sleep with me-" she slid closer and sat right next to Dream. "Help me pick a guy who would."

"Really?" Dream looked at her.

"Yes," She said excitedly. "What do you think about the guy at the end of the bar?"

"Douchebag," Dream said instantly.

"Really?" Abby exclaimed.

"Look at how much hair-gel he's using. If you walked up to him and hit him with a beer bottle, the bottle will break," Dream said. Abby giggled in response.

"Ooh, booth 4, second from the right," Abby pointed out.

"How much do you like Axe body spray, I'm willing to bet you he bathes in it," Dream said.

"You're so hard to please," Abby scoffed. "What about him? Eastside of the bar." She pointed.

"The middle-aged man going through a mid-life crisis that's trying to cheat on his wife?" Dream

said.

"No, dumbass. The cute brunette with the really tall guy," Abby said.

"Thought you were into blonds," Dream side-eyed her.

"Okay, I have exceptions, and he's super cute," Abby said.

"I'm not actually seeing him, where is-" Dream stopped and swallowed a lump in his throat.

"That one. The one drinking- what is that? Bourbon? Whiskey? Looks fancy," Abby commented.

Dream's eyes were caught on who he thinks Abby was talking about. Dark brown hair, beautiful brown eyes, a smile that absolutely takes your breath away.

"Dream?" Abby called.

"Not into girls," Dream muttered.

"Damn," Abby pursed her lips. "I get the vibes but I didn't wanna assume. You know for sure yeah?"

"Yep," Dream answered though his eyes never left the brunette at the bar.

"Alright then, give me someone good," Abby said.

"I uhm-" Dream cleared his throat, finally shaking himself out of his faze. "Uh- Try booth 9, the only guy on his table who isn't actively making out with someone. You might be making his night, he's probably going to treat you right, though you might need to teach him a few things."

"Ooh," Abby said. "How inexperienced do you think he'll be?"

"3/10. But he looks like he'll take directions," Dream said. "Better than a one pump chump who won't take notes."

"True, true" Abby nodded. "You are correct. I will take your suggestion and have fun. It's been a pleasure."

"You will stay safe though yes?" Dream called out before Abby stood up. "Check his vibe, don't let anyone touch your drink, if he's weird and won't leave you alone, you come back to me."

"Okay *dad*," Abby rolled her eyes.

"Look, I'm sending you to that man. I don't want anything to happen to you," Dream said sincerely.

"I'll be fine," Abby said. "I know what to do. I appreciate all the help."

"Are you going to the music festival tomorrow?" Dream asked.

"Oh I am actually," Abby said. "I might get to see you play."

"I'm going to get you a backstage pass so I know you didn't die," Dream said. "I expect you to show up."

"Oh my god," Abby said. "It *sucks* that you're not interested. Seriously, stop being nice to me. I *will* fall in love."

"Have fun Abby," Dream waved as the girl left his booth waving back at him.

Dream had always found it easy to make conversation with strangers. Admittedly, he did have to get rid of Abby because of the man at the bar. Dream sat back, hiding in the darkness of the booth, as he kept on staring at the man.



"Hey," Sapnap called as he came and sat in the booth. "What happened to that girl? She was cute."

"I'm not interested Sapnap," Dream said. "Sent her over to booth 9."

Sapnap turned and saw the girl he'd sent to Dream talk to the blond man from booth 9. Sapnap shook his head and turned back to Dream.

"You want a guy then," Sapnap said. "I can get you a cute guy. I can-"

"Holy shit, get me away," Quackity jumped over the thankfully empty table to hide deeper in the booth. "These girls are wild."

"Drinks," Karl announced as he walked with a tray of different glasses filled with alcohol.

"You work here or something Karl?" Quackity joked.

"You wanna go back and forth to the bar? Look at it," Karl said.

"Alright, so Dream turned down this gorgeous girl that I found him," Sapnap told the table. "Unfortunate but we can recover. What flavor of man do you want tonight?"

"I want a drink, can I get a drink?" Dream rushed.

The table stopped and turned to Dream.

"You don't drink," Karl said.

"Well, there's a first time for everything," Dream said. "Which one of these can I drink?"

"Dream, what's wrong?" Quackity said.

"Nothing's wrong, I just want a drink," Dream said. "Are you going to give me one or should I go to the bar?"

"Dream, something is clearly wrong, tell us," Sarnap said.

"I'm just having fun," Dream replied. "Am I not suppose to have fun and drink?"

Dream felt his heartbeat beginning to race as he talked to his bandmates. This whole time he tried to maintain composure but somehow he couldn't help but glance at the bar every two seconds.

"Drea-" Sarnap placed a hand on Dream's shoulder.

"Who's playing tomorrow Sarnap?" Dream said. "Who's in the evening line up?"

"I didn't really check," Sarnap said.

"There's us, a band from New York, a band from Canada, and the last one are from the UK," Quackity answered.

"Oh-" Sarnap said. He frantically turned his head as his eyes searched the club. "Oh shit-"

"What's wrong?" Karl said.

"Give him a drink Karl," Sarnap said without even glancing at them, his eyes still scanning the crowd. "He's gonna need it."

"Alright," Karl said handing Dream a glass which he immediately finished. "And he just shotgunned a Jack and Coke."

"I'm not feeling it, give me another one," Dream said.

"Buddy that's not how it works, you are going to-" Quackity said.

"Just give it to him," Sapnap said, taking another random drink and placing it in front of Dream.

"Everybody needs to drink too, we're having fun right?" Dream said.

Sapnap glanced across the table at Quackity and Karl, both confused out of their minds, before taking a glass and raising it.

"Cheers boys," Sapnap said.

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"Fuck," Dream sighed again.

At this point, the brunette on his chest started to wriggle awake.

"George," Dream called softly.

"What time is it?" George asked sleepily.

Dream stretched out to get his phone, stopping suddenly when he realized his vision was still blurry and that he currently has the worst headache of all time. He struggled, but persevered through and reached for his phone to see the time.

"Seven," Dream answered.

"Put your regret on hold then, I still want to sleep," George mumbled, snuggling closer to Dream.

Dream was panicking and he didn't doubt for a second that George could hear his heart beating, his head being on top of his chest.

"George, we slept together last night," Dream said.

"Sleeping, Dream," George said. "I'm sleeping."

"We *slept* together last night," Dream said.

"Trust me, I know," George groaned. "I can feel it."

Well, now Dream could feel the heat rise up to his cheeks as he blushed furiously at George's words.

"Shouldn't we talk about this?" Dream whispered.

He heard a long deep sigh from George before the Brit finally opened his eyes and propped himself off Dream's chest.

"What happened last night?" Dream asked.

"We slept together," George shrugged.

"How?" Dream said.

"*How*?" George said sarcastically.

"I mean, how'd we get here?" Dream said. "What happened?"

"Well-"

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"I'm going to the bath-" Dream said. "-room. Maybe bed after."

"I'll walk you," Karl volunteered.

"No," Dream groaned. "I got it, I got it," he waved as he walked away.

"We should go back with him," Quackity said.

"It's fine, I have his phone tracked. As long as he gets to the hotel, he'll be fine," Sapnap said.

Dream had downed about 6 drinks, which is a lot for someone who doesn't drink at all. This is new territory. No one has ever really seen Dream drunk considering he's never actually been drunk. But he's still somewhat coherent, words were forming and he doesn't really stumble.

There was really no telling if he was a happy drunk, sad drunk, or loud drunk because drunk just amplifies your emotions. Doesn't it? And Sapnap could only guess what Dream was feeling if Dream had seen George here.

Dream made his way to the bathroom with ease, still sober enough to wash his hands, before making his way out of the bathroom, slightly thankful that it wasn't as disgusting as he thought it would be.

The walk back from the bathroom was much harder though. There were an increasing amount of people blocking his way. The music was getting louder, the dancing more intense, and maybe he *was* getting a bit off-balance, slowly being shoved away towards the bar.

"C'mon pretty boy, give me a smile," Dream heard a voice slur. "I'll buy you a drink if you do."

Disgusting. Dream absolutely hates creeps. Drunken creeps are so much worse. They really have nothing better to do huh? What about that girl? Anna? Ashley? Ab-

"Walk away please, I'm not interested," Another voice answered.

And suddenly Dream felt like he was doused by a bucket of cold water. He blinked rapidly, trying hard to focus his eyes so he could search for the source of the voice. The same British accent that he knows oh so well.

The same voice that used to whisper sweet sweet nothings to him.

"Let me show you how to party in the USA baby, come on," The first voice said. "I promise I'll show you a good time."

"I'd rather not, thanks for the offer," He heard George say. George, always polite, always classy.

"There's no point in playing hard to get," And that's when Dream finally clocked them.

He sauntered over and immediately placed himself between George and the leather jacket-wearing stranger. Dream is always, and really does mean always, thankful that he's as tall as he is. Because this means that he could quite literally look down on people.

"He said walk away," Dream said sternly.

"Look man, I'm just here to get drinks," The stranger took two steps back.

"Then get your drinks and stay away," Dream left it at that before cursing himself for the situation he's put himself in.

"Still as jealous as always huh?" George's voice rose above the music. "I didn't need your help you know."

"Well, it was more of a him issue than a you issue," Dream replied. "Would've done the same if it were someone else."

"Are you gonna keep staring at the ceiling or are you going to turn around and say hi?" George said.

Dream didn't even realize he'd been avoiding eye contact in the stupidest way possible: staring at the goddamn lights on the ceiling. It wasn't even subtle.

It's the alcohol, blame the alcohol.

"Hello Clay," George said.

"Hi George," Dream said.

"Long time," George smiled.

"Yeah," Dream agreed.

"Are you-" George furrowed his eyebrows as he tried to focus on Dream's face. "Are you drunk?"

Dream absolutely hates the fact that George knew him so well, too well. He honestly hoped that he could've gotten away with acting sober but George quickly pinpointed his unfocusing eyes, his red cheeks, his slightly drawling voice, his swaying body. George still knew him very well.

"You don't drink," George said, somewhere between a question and a statement at the same time.

"Well it's been a long time and seeing your ex at a bar is a great reason to start," Dream said. "What are you doing here?"

"*What am I doing here?*" George asked sarcastically. "I don't know Dream, what do we do for a living?"

"Stupid, sorry," Dream mumbled and George chuckled. "Where're your bandmates? Why are you alone?"

"Wilbur is making out with a girl somewhere, Eret took Niki and left a while ago. Fundy is-" George shrugged. "Fundy is being Fundy. Call it a disappearing act."

"Right," Dream said awkwardly.

"Sapnap here? I'd love to say hi," George said.

"Yeah he's at the booth," Dream said distractedly. "Listen, you shouldn't be here alone."

"You *shouldn't* be telling me what to do," George sassily said back.

"It's not safe," Dream said.

"Again, not your call," George said. "Lost that right when we broke up." He said snidely

"Well, *you're* the one who broke up with me," Dream bitterly.

"You *asked* for it," George snapped.

"Hey, is he bothering you?" The stranger apparently had not left and thought he could play the hero.

"Dude, seriously-" Dream exclaimed. "Take a hint!"

"You're bothering him!" The stranger said. "What? You can be protective and I can't?"

"Yes! I get to be protective. I'm his ex, of course he hates me a little bit," Dream said loudly.

"A little a lot," George murmured. George had his finger rubbing his temples

"But I'm not harassing him after he told me to *go away*," Dream said, unclear if he heard what George had said or simply chose to ignore it. "Listen to the words, *go away*."

"Listen," The stranger side stepped Dream and turned to George. "We could go back to my place and I could get you a few drinks-"

"Holy shit-" Dream laughed before his fist came flying across the air and knocked the stranger on the jaw with a sickening whack.

"Oh my god," George said, immediately getting off the bar stool. "Dream, what-"

"Fuck you," The stranger spat before throwing a punch at Dream.



It landed across Dream's cheekbones. Dream was preparing for his next shot but George immediately started dragging Dream out of the fight.

Dream flipped the guy off as George frantically pulled him towards the back exit. George saw the crowd gather for a bit, but one punch isn't much of a source for drama. He did notice the bartender flag down the bouncer, so maybe it's a good idea to get out of there.

"Punchy drunk then, okay," George mumbled as he pushed Dream out into the alley. "What's wrong with you?"

"He was a dick!" Dream said. "What do want me to do? Nothing?"

"Not deck the guy across the face that's for sure," George hissed. "Let's just get you home, where are you staying?"

"Uhm," Dream said, trying to regain his brain function. "Close."

"Just got punched in the face and super drunk," George mumbled as he began to search Dream up. "Understood."

"Hey, no touchy," Dream whined as he felt George's hand pat him down.

"I'm trying to find your wallet you idiot," George grumbled as he finally pulled Dream's wallet out of his pocket.

George went through his cards and found the room-key. He was very glad that Dream, and potentially his entire band, are staying at the same hotel as his. At least it's convenient.

However, he did not appreciate the fact that room-keys did not come with room numbers on them (for obvious reasons).

"Alright let's go," George sighed as he pulled Dream's arm across his shoulder, slowly guiding Dream to walk out of the alley. "Do you happen to know what room you're staying at?"

"Two," Dream mumbled. "Two."

"Room two," George should only be so lucky. Of course, he wouldn't remember. "Right," He mumbled. "My room it is then."

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"So," Dream recapped. "Got drunk, punched a douchebag, you took me home."

George walked out of the bathroom with a glass of water with Alka Seltzer and some painkillers. He handed it to Dream as he nodded.

"Thanks," Dream mumbled.

"First time being hungover?" George asked. "First time being drunk too huh?"

"I don't-" Dream shook his head as he gulped down the pills. "How did we end up in your room?"

"You couldn't remember your hotel or room number," George explained. "But you *could*, and you did, remember that I was the one who broke up with you." He grimaced. "And you won't stop reminding me."

"So how did that lead to us in bed?" Dream said.

"You know what it's like Dream," George crossed his arms.

Dream was sat up in bed, his back against the headboard. The pills were starting to help, but his headache was no longer only from the drinking, it was also from George.

George, who was walking around like they weren't shit-faced drunk last night (probably because George *wasn't*), walking around his hotel room in nothing but his boxers.

Dream could not, not stare. George had always been beautiful, in a way that had always seemed unreal to Dream. The hair, the eyes, the delicate features of his face. Eyelashes long as one could only hope, smile brighter than the sun itself.

George was covered with love bites, courtesy of himself of course. Collar bones up to the neck, hip bones, and down his spine. Dream was always one for marking George up, and even if he couldn't remember last night, he knew he wouldn't have been any different.

"What's what like?" Dream finally replied. "I was kinda drunk, but you weren't. How'd we get here?"

"Yes, I was," George chuckled. "I'm just better at trying to stay sober enough to stay alive. My brain was also fuzzy. No self-control."

"Yes, okay, but I don't remember shit George," Dream said. "How did we end up sleeping together?" George rolled his eyes and stared flatly at his ex-boyfriend.

"You're telling me last night was the first time we fought then fucked?"

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"Get in bed," George told Dream.

"You don't tell me what to do," Dream mimicked mockingly. "Lost that right when you broke up with me."

"Okay, sleep on the floor then," George snapped.

George was pissy, Dream even pissy-er, but George didn't really have the heart to leave Dream on the floor. He was thankful that Dream stumbled and found his way to the chair.

George tried to keep focus, struggling through his tipsy state to get Dream a glass of water. He stopped by the minibar and got himself the mini bottle of vodka though. He's gonna need more alcohol to deal with Dream.

"Drink," George handed him the glass of water.

"Don't-" Dream said, refusing to take the glass.

"Drink the water, Dream," George said.

"Don't be nice to me, George," Dream mumbled.

"You're going to get a hangover tomorrow, drink the water," George said impatiently.

"I'll be fine," Dream's voice got soft. "You can stop being nice to me George."

"It's just water Dream," George said.

"Please stop," Dream insisted. "I can't do this."

"Oh, we're going into depressed drunk," George sighed.

"How are you okay with me?" Dream said. "We broke up on such shitty terms. How are you- how are you okay? And you can be nice to me?"

"What do you want from me Dream? Do you want me to actively hate you?" George exclaimed. "Leave you to fight with that guy and just pass out on the street?"

"Even after a year- after breaking up with me, nothing," Dream said. "No emotion, no reaction- You don't even hate me?"

"This again? You're really going to do this again?" George said.

"Did you even care that I left?" Dream asked.

"Let me remind you-" George warned. "You *asked*. You were the one who said *maybe we should break up*."

"I was going to marry you, George," Dream said. "I had a ring, I asked your parents-"

"Oh okay, everything is perfect, everything is perfect except for me," George said. "What was it

you said? I can't feel emotions. I don't consider your feelings. I don't *care enough*?"

"I loved you," Dream said.

"So did I!" George yelled. "You're just- a lot. You're too jealous, too quick, too loud, and I'm not like that."

"Oh but you can say those things to Wilbur, to Sapnap. You can spend time with them, tell them you love them-"

"Because it didn't matter," George said. "They don't fucking matter. I could tell Sapnap I loved him because he's your friend. Used to be my friend- I spend 12 hours a day writing songs with Wilbur, of course, I loved him."

"And I'm your boyfriend," Dream said.

"Was," George snapped. "*Was* my boyfriend."

"And you couldn't tell me you loved me, and you wouldn't spend time with me. For the last 4 months of our relationship-" Dream said.

"Because I got scared," George said. "I got scared okay? Too fast, too soon. My sister made a mistake and accidentally told me about you going to my parents. And I got scared."

"You didn't wanna marry me?" Dream's voice was hurt and soft. "You spent the night at Wilbur's because you don't want to marry me."

"You didn't trust me," George said. "You thought I was cheating on you with Wilbur or Fundy, you thought I was cheating on you with everyone."

"For like 2 weeks George, you barely came home," Dream said. "You came only to shower and you took naps on the couch, and we didn't sleep in the same bed, what the fuck was I supposed to think?"

"You were supposed to trust me!" George yelled. "I can tell them I love them because it didn't matter. Because I wasn't *in* love with them, so all my declarations don't mean as much."

"And you couldn't tell me?" Dream asked.

"No!" George said. "If I told you-" he stopped. "I've told you I loved you before. I have, but it got so real so fast, and I felt like I was falling too quick too hard. So it got harder. Because I felt everything. I feel everything, every day, every second I spent with you I felt it."

"And you chose to break up with me," Dream said.

"You asked," George said again. "And I knew that-" he sighed. "I was right."

"About what?" Dream was panting.

"You were going to leave me," George said. "We crossed that mark, it went from dating to in love, and I was so deeply in love that you were the only thing holding me together."

"I was never going to leave you," Dream said.

"But you did," George said. "You left me."

George really thought he was going to carry that to the grave. When a small fight turned into a big fight on the topic of Dream being too jealous that George was spending close to 14 hours with Wilbur working on their songs, George had only ever said that it wasn't a big deal. It turned out to be a very big deal.

Dream had asked him why he was distant, and obviously, he couldn't say that he was purposely distant, so he brushed it off. Like he always had, like the only way he knew how to. Dream had said in anger that maybe they should break up. An angry threat that George took literally as he ended the relationship.

Dream didn't want to leave, of course, he didn't. Not that he was going to tell George, but he still had the ring. It was the one he's currently wearing as a necklace.

George had just told him that it was mostly self-sabotaging. Dream was loud and expressive and didn't really think about how George was feeling. George, whose first serious relationship was in fact with Dream. George, who really thought he was going to break if Dream left him. So George made him leave first and took the shot by his own hand.

"I didn't want to," Dream told him.

Dream looked at George's face. Neither of them was sober, they really weren't. George was angry, tears pooling at the corners of his eyes.

Dream wasn't sure if it was the emotions of the alcohol, but it was enough for him to stand up and slowly walk to an unmoving George. One hand stroking against George's cheek, gazing deeply into his eyes and he leaned and closed the gap.

It was a sweet and soft kiss that deepened quickly. George's hand went straight to Dream's hair, tangling it with his fingers as he pulled him as close as he could. Dream's hand chose to go lower and found George's legs, hitching them up to his waist. George wrapped his legs around Dream as the two made their way to bed.

The kiss was feverish, urgent like they were grasping as a fading memory. And perhaps they were.

---

"Starting to remember now hotshot?" George asked.

"Yes," Dream groaned as he placed his head in his hands. "Yes, I do."

"Hmm well," George said before going back to the bathroom to brush his teeth.

"What does this mean George?" Dream said.

"What do you mean?" George replied, the toothbrush still hanging out from his mouth.

"We slept together, what does it mean?" Dream said. "We broke up, I didn't see you for a year, that's a baby and a third."

"God I hate that you measure time in babies," George mumbled.

"That's it? We slept together and you're cool," Dream asked.

"I don't know what you want from me Dream," George said.

"We said things last night," Dream said. "I didn't even know you knew-" Dream's hand reached up to touch the chain necklace that he was still wearing. "So you got scared and you asked me to leave, I was too overbearing, too jealous-"

"Dream, we were drunk," George interjected. "I don't know why you think that anything we said last night can get us to a conclusion. We broke up."

"We didn't finish the fight when we broke up, I just left," Dream said. "There was no closure."

"Exactly," George said. "Isn't this closure?"

"So we're leaving it at this?" Dream said. "One last fuck a year later and it's done."

"Yeah," George mumbled. "I think so."

"And you're happy?" Dream asked.

George stopped moving, looking at Dream only through the reflection in the bathroom mirror.

"I moved on," George replied.

"Okay," Dream said. "Right, I guess I'll leave."

"Dream," George called as Dream was getting dressed. "Don't tell Wilbur please."



"You're not dating Wilbur," Dream said, trying hard to contain the fire he felt at the pit of his stomach.

"No, no," George quickly said. "I didn't do that to you, and I won't do that to you. Not without you knowing," He assured Dream. "I just don't want to get nagged."

"For sleeping with an ex-boyfriend?" Dream said teasingly.

"For sleeping with *the* ex-boyfriend," George said.

"Understood," Dream said. "You should come and say hi to Sapnap later, we're getting lunch. Meet our bassist and guitarist, I think you'll like them."

"I think we should maybe stop," George said. "I'll say hi to Sapnap but I don't know how to feel about spending a lot of time together, getting lunch and everything. I'm sure you'll feel as awkward as I am."

"Yeah," Dream said, like a liar. "Okay, I'll get out of your hair then." Dream threw his shirt on and headed straight for the door.

"Dream," George called.

"Yes," Dream replied.

"It was good to see you again, and I had fun last night," George said and Dream scoffed.

"Don't be nice to me George," Dream said although this time he had a weak smile on his face.

Dream left and basically ran towards the elevator, getting enough of his brainpower to remember which room he checked in to, but more importantly Sapnap's room.

"Sapnap," Dream knocked impatiently on his door. "Sapnap."

He heard groaning, two distinct groanings to be exact, before hearing shuffling on the carpet and the door lock unlocking.

"Dream," Sapnap yawned. "It's barely eight, what are you doing?"

"So you don't care if I made it back alive?" Dream said.

"Your phone said you were at the hotel," Sapnap said. "You also didn't come back from the bathroom."

"Sapnap," Dream called to get his full attention.

Sapnap groggily rubbed his eyes before blinking to focus his eyes.

"Just let him in," Dream heard Karl's voice told them.

"Karl?" Dream called as Sapnap stepped aside.

"Come here Dreamie-boy," Karl said. "Come tell Karl what's wrong."

Dream walked over and fell onto the bed, Karl currently lying shirtless. Was he going to question what his friends were doing together? Probably, but that's a later problem.

"I'm so stupid," Dream groaned, placing an arm to cover his eyes. "Why am I so stupid?"

"Woah," Karl mumbled.

Dream felt a finger pull down the collar of his shirt before moving to lift up his shirt. Sapnap stood frozen at the bottom of the bed and stared. Dream's body and neck were covered in black and blue

bruises of varying sizes. Turns out George too had left a few marks.

"You took someone home?" Sapnap said. "Good for you dude."

"I'm an idiot," Dream mumbled.

"And they looked like they went feral on you last night," Karl said. "Hope you had fun."

"I made a mistake," Dream said.

"It's fine, you were drunk," Sapnap said easily. "What was it? They had an SO? They were married?"

"Sapnap," Dream propped himself up with his elbows, eyes glaring into Sapnap's soul, not saying another word.

"What is it?" Karl mumbled softly.

"You didn't," Sapnap said.

"Some creep was hitting on him and-"

"Oh my god, Dream you didn't," Sapnap said and Dream groaned even louder.

"You're okay, you're okay," Karl said pulling Dream down so he could rest his head on Karl's lap. Karl simply patted his head as Dream continues to complain.

"I shouldn't have drunk," Dream said.

"That's fine, it's fine," Sapnap said. "We're moving on. You're going to shower, you're going to put on a new shirt, and we're going to get breakfast. Just don't think about it."

Sapnap reached out to grab Dream's arm and pulled him off the bed. Dream felt like a child as Sapnap ushered him to the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

"Sapnap," Dream called. "This isn't my room. I don't have clothes."

"Oh right, oh right," Sapnap said before opening the bathroom door. "Give me your wallet, I'll get your clothes, just go shower the hangover off, and we'll get a nice breakfast with Q after."

Sapnap took Dream's wallet and closed the door again. He waited by the door for a bit, only moving when he heard the water start running.

"I need context," Karl said getting off from bed. "What is happening?"

"We'll talk in his room, come on," Sapnap said hurriedly.

Sapnap and Karl snuck out and went into Dream's room where Sapnap immediately rummaged through Dream's bag that was untouched on the bed.

"He slept with George," Sapnap told Karl.

"George," Karl repeated unsurely. "George."

"The infamous ex-boyfriend," Sapnap said. "The ring on his necklace, the material for like 4 of our songs. George. Love of his life. George, brown-haired British beauty that wrecked his life."

"Holy shit," Karl said. "That George? The-" he gasped. "The band from the UK."

"Yep," Sapnap said. "Our old band."

"Oh my god," Karl swiveled to look vaguely at the direction of Dream even though they were in an entirely different room. "Does he need to talk?"

"No chance," Sapnap said. "You never had to sit next to a crying 6'3 man for the entirety of the flight from London to Florida, we are not letting him think about George again. No chance. Out of sight, out of mind, we're distracting him."

"He clearly needs to talk," Karl said.

"He always thinks it's his fault," Sapnap said. "And he's the one not over this, he still wears the ring. We're making him forget. At least until the show is over tonight, and maybe not with alcohol."

"I mean, you know him best I guess," Karl said, as he followed Sapnap out of Dream's completely untouched hotel room, the pile of clothes in hand.

One could only imagine what Dream was doing in Sapnap's bathroom. Contemplating life. Thinking about the mysteries of the universe. Figuring out who killed Princess Diana.

Dream took too long that both Sapnap and Karl decided to get ready in Karl's room instead, taking turns with the bathroom so that at least one of them would be out there when Dream was done.

Dream finally stepped out of the bathroom, hair wet but fully dressed, and thankfully looking a little calmer than before.

"Breakfast?" Karl asked cheerfully. "Quackity is in the hotel bar restaurant already."

"Sure," Dream smiled at them.

The whole elevator trip ride down was filled with Sapnap and Karl trying to tell Dream things that happened last night (save one giant detail which Dream could probably figure out). The broken glass, the dance battle, the walking into a Subway completely drunk and getting a meatball sub that they then threw at a cat because they were convinced it was demonic.

Dream was glad he didn't have to talk to do anything but enjoy his friends' company. That he didn't even have to think about where to go or which button to press as his two friends lead him to the restaurant.

When they stepped in though, Dream immediately grabbed both their arms and gripped them too tight.

"Oh fuck," Sarnap's eye caught what Dream was looking at.

Quackity was sitting at a breakfast table with Wilbur. What luck.

"Don't mention anything," Dream said. "Not about George, not to Wilbur."

"Okay," Sarnap said and Karl simply nodded.

"No way," They heard Wilbur's voice. "They're your bandmates? You're kidding," Wilbur laughed.

"Hi Wilbur," Dream greeted weakly as the tall Brit got off from his seat and pulled Dream into a hug before going to hug Sarnap as well.

"You know each other?" Quackity asked.

"I think the question is, how did you two end up together?" Sarnap asked jokingly.

"You know what I'm like when I'm drunk Sarnap," Wilbur said. "I went on a rant about flying a plane and Quackity was just unfortunate enough to be in the vicinity and listen to all of it."

"He also went on this thing about eating-"

"Sand," Quackity was finishing his sentence when Sarnap and Dream chimed in at the perfect time.

"Don't think I've met you though," Wilbur said. "I'm Wilbur."

"I'm Karl," Karl stretched out his hand and shook Wilbur's.

"Anyway," Quackity said. "As I was saying, it's 5 t-shirts for 4 hoodies."

"That's not a fair trade," Wilbur said. "They're not even in equal value."

"You have 5 people in your band, we have four. If it's 5 vs 4 hoodies, that's even more unfair," Quackity said.

"We'll make it 5 vs 5 hoodies then, you'll get an extra one for whichever one of you want two, or want to give it to someone," Wilbur bargained.

"Oh, are we trading merch?" Karl asked.

"Yeah," Quackity said.

Dream spent the entire breakfast on edge, waiting for the moment that George was inevitably going to show up to eat breakfast with Wilbur. But he never did.

Soon enough they said goodbye before going to stage test, mic test, and generally prepare for the show tonight. There were definitely close encounters with George's band, but again, they did not meet.

It wasn't until the actual show time when Dream was just chilling with friends in his green room when Wilbur came in to deliver his band's merchandise.

"Pleasure doing business with you sir," Quackity mimicked a horrible British accent to which Wilbur just laughed at.

"Hand over your merch, or else," Wilbur said.

"Pick a size buddy, pick a size," Quackity lead him to the boxes of hoodies.

"Hey, Wilbur-" George's voice called out as he knocked on the green room door. The door wasn't closed, so it swung open. "They wanna know if your mixer is compatible with their setup because it's got a different plug."

George hadn't known that the dressing room was Dream's. He stood at the door, eyes fell on Dream, and just froze. Dream did not freeze, instead kept on turning the tune of the guitar absentmindedly as he tried to prevent going red.

"It should be," Wilbur said. "Big Q, I'll be back."

Wilbur handed the stack of merch and onto George before going out to talk to the stage managers. George stood there shocked and unsure about what he should do.

"George," Sapnap finally called, getting up from his seat. "Nice to see you, buddy."

"Hi Sapnap," George said. "Dream," He greeted.

At about this point Dream didn't realize how many turns he'd put in his D-string as it snapped with a twang.

"Fuck," Dream sighed.

"Oh I hope you have spares," Karl said.

"I should," Dream said. "I- no I don't, I left it in the soft case that couldn't get on the plane. Fuck."

"I've got spares," George said instinctively. "You can have my spares."

"Really?" Dream said.

"Yeah, they're just in my dressing room," George said. "You can get them right now." He turned to Quackity. "What do I do with these?"

"Oh, Wilbur and I traded hoodies, for you guys and us. You can take them back actually," Quackity said. "I'm Quackity, call me Q."

"I'm Karl," Karl chimed in.

"Well I'm George, nice to meet you guys," George smiled. "You wanna get those spares?"



"Sure," Dream said as he placed down his guitar. He saw Sapnap give him a concerned look but decided to stay quiet.

It was an awkward walk from his dressing room to George's, even more awkward when he realized that George's other bandmates weren't in there at all. They were alone. Alone together.

"Let me find it," George said, setting down the hoodies before going through his guitar case. "Should be here, I have a new set." George ruffled for a bit before facepalming. "No I don't, it's in my suitcase and Wilbur has my room key."

"W-why-" Dream furrowed his eyebrows. "Why does Wilbur have your room-key?"

"Apparently I lost it at the bar last night," George answered. "I'll see if Eret has spares."

"If you lost your room key, how did we get into your room?" Dream asked.

"Well," George said. "Through your drunken state, apparently you have enough cognitive function and hand-eye coordination to use a multitool and unscrew the window."

"I what?" Dream said.

"So instead of breaking into your room which we don't know the number off, we broke into mine," George explained. "I genuinely didn't remember that either, but I found my window hanging on by a thread. Thankfully we were on the second floor."

"There's no way I did that," Dream said.

"Dated you for two years, and you still find ways to surprise me," George said. "Wilbur has spares!" He cheered when he found the strings.

"Two years and four months," Dream corrected as he took the strings from George.

"Right," George chuckled. "What is that? Three babies?" Dream only chuckled.

"I want to give you something," Dream suddenly said.

"I was very clear with where the line was," George said.

"You don't have to keep it, I promise," Dream said. He placed the spare strings in his pocket before pulling the chain necklace off his head. "I've been thinking about it all day."

"Dream-" George said.

"This was the ring that I was going to give you," Dream said. "I've been wearing it, every day. I don't have the heart to get rid of it, I don't. I don't expect you to keep it. But I did buy it for you."

Dream held up the necklace in front of George, waiting until George slowly opened his palm and felt the cold chain drop to his end.

"Again, you don't have to keep it, I won't be offended," Dream smiled sincerely. "It's just a goodbye."

"Break a leg," George replied. "You're going on before me right?"

"Yeah," Dream nodded. And that was where the conversation stopped and Dream left.

George sat down, holding the ring in his hand. It was a very simple silver band, hanging from a medium-sized chain. He spun it around before his eyes fell on the inside. An engraving.

*Forever and always.*

"Hey," Wilbur called as he came into the room. "You wanna get in stage for the last mic check. Fundy is also still asking about your decision for the last song. We're still going back and forth between 2."

"I'm gonna need a favor," George said as he gripped the ring in his hand.

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"Alright everyone, thank you and good night," Dream yelled into the mic only to replied by absolute screaming.

Dream carried his guitar and followed his bandmates out of the stage, absolutely drenched in sweat, and headed straight to their greenroom.

"Let's go, I want to shower and sleep," Dream said.

"Wait I promised Wilbur we'd watch," Quackity said.

"Q, I'm super tired," Dream said.

"It's a 40-minute set, it'll be about as much as cleaning up," Quackity said. "He just wants to get drinks after."

"Well, I don't drink Q," Dream answered.

"Okay, then Q can watch, I'll stay here with Dream and clean," Sapnap said. "It finishes around the same time and we'll just excuse ourselves."

"Manners Dream," Karl said.

"Alright fine," Dream grumbled. "Q can skip cleaning."

Dream wanted to watch Wilbur. All drama aside, he never blamed Wilbur for anything. Wilbur was his friend. The situation just happened to be the exact same way George is to Sapnap. Each of them got one friend and it strained the relationship.

"Did you lose the necklace?" Sapnap asked after a while, realizing Dream's bare neck.

"Sort of," Dream said. "Don't worry about it."

The time slowly ticked by, the songs coming from George and Wilbur's band only in the background as they continued to work. Sarnap kept on checking his watch though, and Karl, who was watching the show from the side stage with Q, came in to check on them multiple times, coming into the room to make eye contact with Sarnap before leaving again.

Oh yeah, Dream noticed.

"Looks like we're done," Sarnap clapped his hands as he packed the last of the leftover merch. He checked his watch again. "They're on their second to last song, we should watch."

"I'm good," Dream said, sitting himself down on the couch.

"Come on, it's one song," Sarnap said.

"I'm not in the mood to listen to him sing," Dream said.

"It's Wilbur," Sarnap said. "Aren't you a bit interested in what their new band sounds like?"

"Sarnap, what are you hiding?" Dream said.

"Nothing, I just think it's a good show, we should watch them perform. They watched us," Sarnap said.

"You are literally the first person to go *forget about him*," Dream said. "I'm trying."

"Just go with it," Sarnap sighed. "Trust me please."

"Sarnap-"

"Look, I wasn't a good friend last night when I let you go off alone knowing you've never been drunk before. I wasn't a good friend this morning when you clearly needed to talk and I told you to do was take a shower," Sarnap said. "I'm trying to think more about what you need, instead of what I think you need. And you need to at least listen to this."

Dream sighed before conceding and getting up from the couch. Sapnap gently pushed him out the door and towards the side stage. George's voice was getting louder and clearer.

"The last song of our set guys," George said. "It's not an original, we decided to sing a cover to end the set, hope that's alright with you guys."

Dream heard the beginning chords of the song as he followed Sapnap towards the side stage. Quackity and Karl spotted them from a distance before turning back onto the stage and nodded furiously.

*"It's been 7 minutes now since I lost my way.  
It doesn't seem like long, but my whole world has changed,"*

Dream heard George's voice start to echo across the backstage.

*"It's in all the little things, when you smile now it stings.  
It's been 7 minutes since I lost the guy of my dreams."*

Dream went to a screeching stop in his tracks. It's such a minuscule change, but he did definitely change the lyrics. One word, but he knew.

"Hey," Sapnap finally noticed that Dream had stopped walking. "Trust me." He held out his hand for Dream to take.

Dream just stared at it before slowly taking Sapnap's hand, allowing himself to get pulled towards his other two friends. Dream didn't need to listen to the lyrics, he was very familiar with the lyrics of 7 Minutes by Dean Lewis.

*"Is it too late to turn around?  
I'm already halfway out of town."*

Dream was trying hard not to think that this was for him. He can't do this again. He had just moved on. He's really trying. He's just given-

*"Now I know how I let you down  
Oh, I finally figured it out-"*

## **The ring.**

*"I forgot to love you, love you, love you.  
I forgot to love you, love you, love you."*

George's hand was holding on to his mic stand, gleaming on his left fourth finger the silver band. Dream felt a thump against his ribcage. He stumbled back, only to feel three of his friends hold him steady.

"Hey, you good?" Karl asked.

"Not really," Dream mumbled.

"Can you hold it?" Quackity asked.

"He's wearing the ring," Dream whispered, feeling tears build up at the corners of his eyes.

"Yeah," Sapnap said, hand softly rubbing Dream's back. "Yeah he is."

As they went into the second chorus, Dream saw Wilbur glancing at him with a sad smile. He nodded as he continued on playing the song. Dream looked on to Fundy, who he vaguely knew about on the keyboard, smiling at him. Niki and Eret who he really didn't know much, but definitely knew about him. They all slowly turned to look at George, who was singing with his eyes closed. The way he always does when he actually feels something.

He felt Karl squeeze his arm to bring him back to reality.

*"If I came back now, would you still be there?  
If I come around, would you even care?"*

Dream watched as George opened his eyes, the words carefully slipping out of his mouth as he sang to the crowd.

*"If I came back now, would you still be there?  
If I come around, would you even care?"*

One more time the words came out of his mouth, though this time his head turned slowly. He was scared. George was scared, but when he finished the bridge, he looked up and finally met Dream's eyes.

*"Is it too late to turn around?  
You're already halfway out of town."*

He changed the words again, maintaining eye contact as he spoke to Dream. Memories of Dream leaving for Heathrow coming back in violent flashes.

*"Now I know that I let you down.  
And I finally figured it out."*

George stopped singing, feeling his breath choked up at the back of his throat. He bowed his head down, trying to steady his voice, though he knew the crack that people were going to hear is he spoke. Wilbur and Eret covered for him though, and the words just echoed.

*"I forgot to love you, love you, love you.  
I forgot to love you, love you, love you."*

Dream gently brushed all his friends' hands off and walked away before George looked back up. George turned only to see him gone, Sapnap pointing towards the backstage.

"Go," Wilbur mouthed.

George quickly unplugged his guitar and walked off stage, something quite confusing to the crowd, but Wilbur began saying goodnight so George slipped away.

"Give me," Sapnap said, taking George's guitar from him.

"Thank you Sapnap, I-" George started.

"Not now, go," Sapnap told him and he nodded, walking as fast as he can towards Dream's dressing room.

George didn't knock. Normally he would, but he just opened the door to see Dream standing there, arms wrapped around himself to somehow stop him from shaking.

"Are you okay?" George immediately walked up to him with concern.

"Don't, don't-" Dream backed away. "You said no."

George gulped guiltily, nodding as he went back to close the door behind him.

"Which one is it?" Dream scoffed accusingly. "The things you were spewing out this morning or the song that you just made my friends force me to listen to?"

"You're right," George said. "I'm broken."

That wasn't the answer Dream was expecting.

"I can't express things the way I want to," George said. "I couldn't tell you how much I wanted you to stay, how scared I was that you were going to leave, how much I hated myself when you left- When I *made* you leave."

George exhaled a shaky breath. He clenched and unclenched his fist, trying to compose himself.

"So I lie. In a shitty attempt to protect myself, I lie so that I hurt myself before you can hurt me," George confessed. "And the only truth you can get is from lyrics that I stole from another person. The only way I could tell you I loved you was singing someone else's words."

"George, I can't do this," Dream said weakly. "I wore that ring- I wore it for a whole year and I had no plans on getting rid of it until I saw you again last night."

"I'm sorry, Clay. I am," George's voice was barely audibly through the crack. "I'm-"

"I thought you knew what you wanted," Dream said. "I thought I knew what to do."

"I thought so too," George nodded weakly. "But I saw the ring, and you wore it on your neck for an entire year, so I-" he fiddled gently with the silver band on his finger. "Forever and always, huh?"



"I was never planning on leaving you," Dream said. "That wasn't even in the plans, not even close."

"My parents think I made a mistake," George said lightly. "Last year when I told them you'd left," he hastily wiped the tears off his face. "They were right."

"George-" Dream said pitifully.

"Look-" George interjected. "You know what I'm like with marriage, weddings, and this whole commitment thing. I don't like it, I don't, but if anyone is going to do it for me, it's going to be you," he declared. "So, uhm, should you choose to forgive me, I would like to ask for your hand in marriage," George added.

Dream gave a short scoff as he pondered on the ridiculous proposal coming from George's lips. It almost sounded like a joke. But then George stood there, waiting, looking up at him. He looks so small, tear-stained face, as he played with the ring Dream, had given him.

"Marry me," George proposed again.

"George," Dream said, walking closer to George. "If I get you back George, I'm never letting you go. You can't break me like that again. Because I can't-"

"I won't," George said, shaking his head violently. "I won't, I promise."

Dream walked even closer, placing their foreheads together, faces inches from each other. George was shaking- fully shaking but Dream took his hands and placed a gentle kiss on the back of his hands. George just about combusted right there, his chest pounding harder than he'd felt in the last year since he'd broken up with Dream. Dream brought his one hand to George's cheeks, wiping away what seemed to be a never-ending stream of tears before tilting his head up to meet Dream's eyes.

"I still love you," Dream finally said.

"I love you too," George replied before pulling Dream into a kiss.

The weight of the world seemed to get lifted from their shoulders. Smiles slowly cracking through their kiss. George's arms wrapped around Dream's neck while Dream's pulled George by the waist pressed against his body. Pure bliss as they both took in every single inch of each other's presence, hands taking in every bit of contact they could as their hearts float higher than they've ever felt.

When they pulled apart they were gasping, giggling, lips swollen red, as they gazed into each other's eyes.

"I love you," George said again. "Remind me if I ever forget that."

"Got it," Dream replied. "But you need to remind me to never leave you."

"Understood," George nodded.

"You're also not broken George," Dream said. "You're not broken. I wasn't perfect either."

"Well, you are to me," George added softly, placing another peck on Dream's lips. "So is that a yes? To the whole-"

"I don't know," Dream said teasingly. "I mean I had to talk to your parents. Maybe this means you have to talk to my mother and sister before asking again."

"Oh god," George moaned softly. "How much do they hate me for breaking your heart?"

"A little bit a lot," Dream answered.

"Good to know," George said as he bit his lip. "Good to know."

Their conversation was quickly disturbed by some crashing outside followed by about half a dozen hushes.

"They're outside aren't they?" Dream said to George.

"Yes, we are," Sapnap said.

"Can we go get drinks now?" Wilbur asked. "Celebrate an engagement?"

"A pending engagement," Karl said. "By the sounds of it."

"I think I'm good with drinking," Dream said as he opened the dressing room door. "Nothing good happens when I drink."

"Well," George said. "One thing did."

## End Notes

fun fun pog pog

Onwards to Day 6 (much shorter upload for tomorrow, the ACTUAL song fic)

Sub to the series if you want, i will be updating for all dnf week prompts

Sub to user if you like me ig :D

comments and kudos are so welcomed  
suggestions too

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Thanks for readin byeeeee

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